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SOUVENIR ANTIETAM



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Souvenir of 

EXCURSION TO ANTIETAM

... AND ...

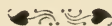
☀ Dedication of Monuments ☀

... OF THE ...

8th, 11th, 14th and 16th

Regiments of Connecticut Volunteers.

Walter J. Yates



OCTOBER, 1894.

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The Souvenir.

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By special invitation of members of the Fourteenth Regiment, the editor accompanied the party with cameras to study the battle-fields and prepare illustrated lectures upon them. Being requested by Colonel J. C. Broatch and General J. B. Clapp to prepare a souvenir of the dedications, and finding this desire to be general among the Committee of Arrangements and veterans participating, the work was undertaken, and the result is here presented. Every possible assistance and courtesy has been afforded by the chairman, orators, chaplains, secretaries and members of committees of the various regimental organizations. The publishers of the *Hartford Courant* generously offered the use of the engravings used in their account of the dedication, but it seemed best to use a finer grade than can be done in newspaper work.

Acknowledgement of courtesies is also due to our printer, Mr. E. E. Darrow, of New London, and his foreman, Mr. Charles H. Abbott, the Suffolk Engraving Co., of Boston. The publishers of the *Palmer Journal*, Mass., kindly loaned the cut of Harlow Chapin, which we use.

A few of the other cuts have been loaned by their owners, but the larger part have been specially made for this book. In making the Souvenir cover all that seemed desirable it has been necessary to increase its size over one-half more than was promised in the prospectus, and to more than double the cost first intended. The advance orders amounting to over three hundred copies, it was thought that an edition of five hundred would be needed, and that number has been issued. As this edition will, undoubtedly, be soon exhausted, all who wish copies should order promptly.

The price is fifty cents per copy.

WALTER J. YATES,

NEW LONDON, CONN.

December 25, 1894.

Erection of the Monuments.

At the business meeting of the Sixteenth Regiment, held at Hagerstown, Md., September 16th, 1889, General J. B. Clapp, presented a resolution asking for a committee of five to take action for the erection of a monument to the regiment on Antietam battlefield. The executive committee, consisting of Col. F. W. Cheney, General John B. Clapp, Captain T. B. Robinson, Lieutenant A. G. Case, Corporal W. G. Hooker, and Colonel B. F. Blakeslee, was given power to make inquiries concerning location, price of land, plan and manner of subscription, and legislative aid.

At the reunion held in Bristol, Ct., September 17th, 1891, Colonel F. W. Cheney reported that he had purchased a lot of land, ten acres in extent, at Sharpsburg, Md., embracing the position held by the regiment at Antietam battle, September 17th, 1862. He formally presented a deed of this lot to the Sixteenth C. V. Association. On this lot the monument was afterward erected.

In September, 1891, the Fourteenth Regiment made an excursion to Antietam, and held a reunion on the battlefield. Much of the credit for planning and carrying out successfully this trip is due Colonel J. C. Broatch. The story of the affair and history of the regiment is admirably told by Chaplain H. S. Stevens, in his souvenir book. At that time the desirability of erecting a monument to the regiment at this place suggested itself to Mr. Broatch. But no action was taken till the Department Encampment of the G. A. R., at Willimantic, February 15th and 16th, 1893. At that time a resolution was drafted which he, as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, presented, to memorialize the General Assembly, then in session, to make an appropriation for the erection of monuments to Connecticut troops on the battlefields where they fought. The resolution was adopted and a committee appointed to present it to the

Legislature. In response to this petition, the Legislature passed a joint resolution, approved June 14th, 1893, providing "That whenever any regimental or battery association of Connecticut volunteers that served in the War of the Rebellion, has, or hereafter shall, at a meeting duly held, designate by vote, a place upon or adjacent, to some battlefield upon which such regiment or battery fought, or in some national cemetery, for the erection of a monument or other memorial, and shall present a copy of such vote to the Quartermaster-General, the Quartermaster-General is authorized to cause to be constructed and erected, such monument or other memorial of such design as shall be approved by him, and by such regimental or battery association, or any committee thereof appointed for that purpose, at an expense to the State not exceeding one thousand dollars, etc., etc."

The United States Congress also appointed a Board, known as the "Antietam Board," to have charge of the battlefield. Major Davis, U. S. A., and General Heth, of the Confederate army, are its present members. A plot of land 20 feet square, near "Bloody Lane," was purchased and deeded to the Fourteenth Regiment, January 16, 1894, from Resin D. Fisher and his wife, Emma J. Fisher. The total cost of this, with expenses of record and surveying, amounting to \$175, was contributed by Captain A. Park Hammond, of Rockville, Conn. On this lot their monument is placed.

The ground on which to erect a monument for the Eighth was purchased by Colonel John S. Lane, and presented to that regiment by him.

The Eleventh Regiment long had a Standing Committee on Monument, but purchased no site. As it was desired to group the Eighth, Eleventh and Sixteenth's monuments near each other, the offer was accepted to locate on the lot purchased by Colonel Cheney.

In accordance with the resolution of the General Assembly the

Eighth, Eleventh, Fourteenth and Sixteenth Regiments took action and appointed committees with full power to have the monuments erected at Antietam. By invitation of Colonel J. C. Broatch and General J. B. Clapp, these committees met together and decided to co-operate in the work. Mr. Clapp was made Chairman, and Mr. Broatch, Secretary. A circular was issued asking for designs from various firms with estimates of cost. After careful consideration the contract for the monuments of the Eighth and Eleventh was awarded to Stephen Maslen, Hartford. Those of the Fourteenth and Sixteenth to Smith Granite Company, Westerly, R. I.

It was decided to have a joint excursion for the dedication, to start Monday, October 8, 1894. The literary programme was placed in charge of Colonel J. W. Knowlton to arrange. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad offered special rates and accommodations, which were accepted. The management of all details was entrusted to Mr. Broatch, who issued the circulars and made all necessary arrangements. The preparation of the itinerary, booking of excursionists at hotels in Gettysburg and in families at Sharpsburg, was placed in the hands of Chaplain H. S. Stevens, who was untiring in his efforts to provide for the comfort and convenience of the party. The regimental committees were as follows :

Eighth Regiment—John S. Lane, Henry R. Jones, Isaac Williams, Harlow Chapin, Frederick Gallup.

Eleventh Regiment—P. W. Ambler, H. A. Eastman, W. W. Fuller, G. M. Southmayd, S. Deforest.

Fourteenth Regiment—John C. Broatch, J. W. Knowlton, A. P. Hammond, W. H. Tubbs, H. S. Stevens.

Sixteenth Regiment—J. B. Clapp, A. G. Case, George Q. Whitney, N. L. Hope, W. H. Lockwood.

The Excursion.

Preparation.

On the 26th of July the General Committee of the four regiments issued a circular announcing the progress of the work on the monuments and the arrangements made for an excursion to dedicate them. The date set for starting from Jersey City was Monday, October 8th, at 1 o'clock P. M. The route over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was selected via Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Pen Mar, Hagerstown to Sharpsburg, thence to Harper's Ferry, Washington, and return via Baltimore and Philadelphia. Tickets good for ten days were placed at \$8.50 for the excursion. Hotel charges at \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day at Gettysburg, Sharpsburg and Washington. The number of tickets was limited to 400, or 100 for each regiment. A special train of the "Royal Blue Line" was engaged to be personally conducted by P. W. Heroy, Esq., of New York, Passenger Agent of the B. & O. R. R. The booking of the excursionists was in charge of Harlow Chapin, Eighth Regiment, C. Quien, Eleventh Regiment, J. C. Broach, Fourteenth Regiment, J. B. Clapp, Sixteenth Regiment. Entertainment at Gettysburg, Sharpsburg and Washington was in charge of Chaplain H. S. Stevens, of Washington, D. C. He made two trips in advance over the route, and by personal canvas of hotels in Gettysburg and Washington, and by a house to house visitation at Sharpsburg, with a correspondence of several hundred letters, secured the best possible accommodations at the most reasonable rates. His previous experience in arranging the excursion of the Fourteenth Regiment in 1891 made him able to do that, which probably no other person could have done so well. His efforts were fully appreciated by all the comrades and their guests participating in the excursion, and by the people who entertained them.

October 1st, the itinerary and general programme, with other

information regarding transportation and hotels, was mailed by him to all who had been booked.

Consummation.

October 8th saw the veterans, with wives, daughters and friends, gathering in Jersey City at the N. J. Central R. R. station. After a hearty dinner in the station, specially provided by Charles F. Beck, places were selected in the train which, for the most part, were retained during the entire trip. At 1.20 P. M. the journey began. A delightful run through the varied and picturesque scenery of the route brought the party to Gettysburg, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, with good appetites, and just enough fatigue to make supper and a good night's sleep welcome. Thursday was occupied in viewing the battlefield at this place. In carriages, barges and on foot, accompanied by local guides and lecturers, the morning hours were devoted to the localities covered by the first day's battle. The afternoon was spent upon the field of the second and third days' fighting. Night brought a tempest of rain and wind, but by 9 o'clock next morning the sun appeared and the precious hours were improved by visits to many spots of interest only briefly seen the previous day.

At 1 o'clock all are in place on the train and the delightful mountain route to Pen Mar is soon passed over. A half hour at this famous resort was well spent in viewing the extended landscape and tracing through the wide expanse of the beautiful Cumberland Valley as it lay in autumnal glory, the path over which Lee's army marched in its advance and retreat.

On to Hagerstown and Antietam. At 5 o'clock the latter station is reached, and soon in the quaint, quiet little village of Sharpsburg, all are comfortably quartered. The same houses, and many of the same people are here as hosts to-night who, thirty-two years ago kept open house, at first for the men in gray, and then for the men in blue. But under what changed circumstances we gather now!

Every house is open, and all strive to dispense generous hospitality. The churches have arranged festivals and the attendance of the excursionists is fruitful in forming pleasant acquaintance, passing an agreeable evening and aiding the finances of the local societies.

Dedication.

On the morning of the 11th, many are early astir, taking a stroll over the fields, locating the place where they bivouaced, or charged, or lay through long hours of danger, when these hillsides were ploughed by cannon-shot and sown with musket-balls. Some find the place where, wounded, they lay through the whole day and night of the bloody strife. Some find bullets and other grim reminders of the past.

At 10 o'clock all the party, with many from the village, gather near "Bloody Lane," for the dedication of the Fourteenth Regiment Monument. A substantial platform had been erected near the obelisk for the use of the speakers and singers. This was so constructed as to be quickly taken down and put up again, and was used for the exercises at each of the monuments. A double male quartette of veterans had been organized on the train, and the songs rendered by them made one of the most pleasing features of the celebration. The names of those composing this choir are :

F. W. White, leader, Seventh C. V. ; S. J. Nettleton, Eighth ; Frederick Gallup, Eighth ; Charles Jackson, Eighth ; George D. Reith, Sixteenth ; Charles F. Bowen, Sixteenth ; John E. Case, Sixteenth ; T. T. Wilsdon, Sixteenth ; Oscar P. Keith, Third R. I. Cavalry ; DeW. C. Pond, Stephen Maslen.

The selections sung are given in the programme of each dedication. The "Flag of Freedom" was composed by the leader for this occasion.

Badges of the excursion, of tasteful designs in silk, and also of the dedication of each monument, decorated all' breasts, and will

long remain among the cherished mementoes of this memorable day.

Books of patriotic songs selected for this occasion were distributed, and on battlefield, in hotel, and on the train were in frequent use.

After the dedication of each monument the photograph of it, and in most instances the survivors of the regiment present and grouped about it, was taken. W. H. Tipton, Esq., the noted battlefield photographer of Gettysburg, was present, and not only made views of the monuments but also took a number of the most important views of various localities on the battlefield. The cuts of the Fourteenth and Sixteenth's monuments used in this book were made from his views. Those of the Eighth and Eleventh are from negatives taken by the publisher of this Souvenir, who was present with camera as special press correspondent.

The monument of the Sixteenth was draped with the United States flag, and at the appropriate moment was unveiled by Mrs. Colonel F. W. Cheney.

That of the Eighth was also veiled, and the ceremony of uncovering was performed by Mrs. Lieutenant J. S. Lane.

The monuments of the Eighth, Eleventh and Sixteenth regiments are over a mile distant from, and on an entirely different part of the field from that of the Fourteenth, but are not far from each other. These three regiments were brigaded together in Burnside's corps. That of the Eighth is farthest in advance on the crest of the hill. Each one marks the most advanced position held by the regiment. Those of the Sixteenth and Eleventh are near together in the ten acre lot purchased by Colonel F. W. Cheney for the purpose, and which will probably be conveyed to the Antietam National Cemetery Association as soon as its organization is completed and Congress makes the appropriations necessary to complete the work of the society.

As the most active service of the Eleventh was near Burnside

Bridge, the regiment naturally desires to have a memorial near that place, as well as the monument already erected. A movement to provide such has been started, and a fund is being raised.

Camp-fire.

No re-union would be complete if this feature was omitted. In the evening, the Reformed Church, which had been offered for the service, was completely filled. Colonel J. W. Knowlton, of the Fourteenth, made an admirable presiding officer. Chaplain Dixon offered prayer. Short speeches were made by Captain H. R. Jones, Chaplain H. S. Stevens, Hon. Charles Lyman and Rev. P. V. Finch. Recitations by L. B. Everts, James M. Bacon and Norman L. Hope, with patriotic songs, made a programme of interest to all.

Onward.

Friday morning was spent as each one pleased. Some visited the various points of interest, Burnside Bridge, the sites of the monuments, National Cemetery, with its colossal granite statue of a soldier in the position "at rest" guarding the bivouac of nearly five thousand Union soldiers who lie sleeping here awaiting the reveille call of the resurrection angel. Some took another look at Dunker Church, West and East Woods, "Bloody Lane," Roulette House and Mumma buildings; Chaplain Stevens piloted a party over the route followed by the Fourteenth Regiment as it came into battle. From the Roulette House to East Woods, thence to the Antietam Creek, and then through Readysville by the back way, and out on the Boonesborough road and Hagerstown pike, they rode to Turner's Gap, at the top of South Mountain. Retracing the route, all the battlefield was spread out as a map. The course of "Bloody Lane" was followed on foot to the positions held in the battle by the regiment, thus giving clearer ideas of the relations of their various positions to each other and to the whole field than in any other way possible to obtain.

At one o'clock P. M. adieus are said to kindly hosts of Sharpsburg, and from Antietam station our train bears us along the route of the retreat of General Lee and his army. In a few minutes we cross the Potomac River, and see the place where they forded. Along the south bank of the river we speed toward Harper's Ferry. Here a halt of an hour gives opportunity to visit the town, climb the steep hillsides where the rock is often cut into steps in place of streets, out on the cliffs by Lafayette Rock, overlooking the Shenandoah River, and far up its beautiful valley. Opposite rise the precipitous sides of London Heights. Across the Potomac are the equally picturesque hills of Maryland Heights, while in the angle made by the junction of the two rivers stands the town, and a mile back of it Bolivar Heights. All these hillsides were fortified, and their echoes were often awakened in the days of war by the voice of the bugle and the thunder of cannon. Crossing to the north bank of the now greater Potomac the time is brief till we catch a glimpse of that mightiest of obelisks and noblest of domes, which mark the capital city of the nation. At five o'clock we are in Washington, and the party, without formality, breaks ranks, and singly or in squads, quarters are found at hotels or in private homes.

Homeward.

The return home is made according to the convenience of each one. Some take the fast train for New York that night. Others stay in Washington a few days. Some visit other battlefields at Fredericksburg, Petersburg and Richmond.

With many the desire is strong to return some day in the not distant future and more leisurely go over the scenes visited on this trip and study the battle story on the ground where its scenes were enacted.



MONUMENT FOURTEENTH CONN. VOLS.



CHAPLAIN H. S. STEVENS.



COL. J. C. BROATCH.



COL. J. W. KNOWLTON.

DEDICATION

— OF THE —

Fourteenth Regiment Monument.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 10, A. M.

COL. J. W. KNOWLTON, Bridgeport, Conn.,
Presiding.

Programme.

Music	Sharpsburg Band
Prayer	Rev. WALTER J. YATES
Vocal Music — "Flag of Freedom,"	Male Choir
Address	Col. J. W. KNOWLTON
Vocal Music — "America," Doxology	
Address	Chaplain H. S. STEVENS



Prayer.

REV. WALTER J. YATES, A. M.

Under the blue dome of the o'er-arching heavens, Thy temple, with bowed heads and lifted hearts we worship Thee, O God of battles. We recognize and acknowledge Thee as creator and preserver of all things visible and invisible. Thou art ruler of nations and judge of all men. In former days our fathers crossed the seas and sought on these shores a place to worship Thee in liberty of conscience and without fear of men. Led by thy hand, protected by

Thine almighty arm, they laid the foundations of this Republic. They braved the perils of the wilderness ; beset by savage foes, and pursued by tyranny. They put their trust in Thee and Thou didst not desert them. Through the dark years of Revolution and settling of the civil government, in after days of political conflict and military strife Thou didst watch and defend them. On these fields, when embattled hosts closed in deadly strife ; when murky powder smoke veiled all the landscape : when life blood of heroic men baptised this soil and made it forever sacred to freedom ; when destinies of empire and happiness of unborn millions was the prize in contest, then Thou didst turn the tides of battle and gave victory to the right.

We dedicate this day memorials of the brave who gave their lives that "government of the people by the people might not perish from the earth." Let Thy benediction rest upon this tribute which we rear to patriotism and love of liberty. Be Thou still our guide in all the coming years. From Plymouth Rock to Golden Gate, from Arctic snows to sunny tropic seas let peace and prosperity abide. Give wisdom to our people that in halls of legislation just and equal laws may be enacted, and grant grace to the executive that these may be righteously enforced. In social and domestic circles may purity make her abode. In business industry and commercial enterprise may honesty and probity prevail and fraud and avarice be banished. From war and famine and pestilence, Great God, defend us. Teach us in all things Thy will and wisdom. Endow us with Thy Holy Spirit that in Church and State we may develop strength and virtue. Pardon, we pray Thee, our transgressions, and establish us in righteousness till "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven." "Till the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ." And unto Thee, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, will we ascribe all wisdom, power and glory through all ages. Amen.

Address.

COL. J. W. KNOWLTON.

Comrades and Friends, — On this consecrated field, hallowed by the sacrifice of blood and human life, there was enacted the tragedy of war. Thirty-two years ago, opposing factions hereon submitted the question of nationality as against the right of secession to the arbitrament of the sword. This peaceful field, those billowy tracts, heard the clash of arms, felt the tread of near two hundred thousand armed men, and the absorbed soil drank the red blood of one out of every eight of that vast host. Well may this be called a consecrated field with such a baptism from the font of life. With reverent hearts we gather here to manifest our gratitude to the living actors of that day, and to mingle our tears, with our praises of the dead, who, by the sacrifice of their lives, did all men could to bring the heritage of peace and unity.

We are here to mark the spot where the Fourteenth Regiment, an undrilled body of one thousand Connecticut soldiers, but three weeks from their firesides, met first the foe, and met them bravely. To this spot they came against a bitter storm of lead and shell, that poured from yonder sunken road, and from the hill beyond, as well as from either flank, a lurid storm that mortals could not breast and live. Death and wounds were in their midst, but those men endured them both until directed to a new position less than three hundred feet away. On this new line they settled down to work, as though they expected there to stay; and there they did stay for three hours, with the whiz of bullets and the crash of shell their constant visitants.

I shall not, in my brief talk, describe in detail the several movements of the day, but will leave that interesting story to another, only quoting from the report of the division commander, General French, in which he says: "The conduct of the new regiments

must take a prominent place in the history of this great battle. Undrilled, but admirably equipped, every regiment, either in advance or reserve, distinguished itself, but according to the energy and ability of the commanders. There never was such material in any army, and in one month these splendid men will not be excelled by any." The truth of the General's prophecy is shown in the Fourteenth's record of thirty-four battles, from Antietam to Appomattox, as inscribed on this noble memorial erected by the State of Connecticut to the regiment.

These tons of granite, wrought in graceful lines, with marvellous skill, will stand through the varying vicissitudes of storm and sunshine, telling the grim story to men of every clime, and, methinks, that the warm light of every September moon will awaken in this New England stone a soul that will go out and testify to the unmarked dead o'er all these fields that a grateful people has not forgotten, and never will forget, the sufferings or the valor of those who stood by the Union in those days. It will tell them of the myriad schools throughout the land, where, daily, the Stars and Stripes now float, and teach a noble fealty to the nation, instilling a patriotic glow into the youthful mind. It will tell the unknown dead, were their forms clad in the blue or in the gray, that loyalty will never be forgotten, or disloyalty forgiven. Let us believe that to this story answer will come from all the moonlit September air, a glad Amen ! So glad, and so full, that through the North, and through the South, there will be no doubt that the blood of brothers, shed in strife, has become a lasting seal to national unity.

Comrades, to you who stood here in that past time, and bared your breasts in your country's defense, this moment is one of commendable pride. To the people of our state, you were, and are, an honor—in testimony of which this shaft stands an enduring emblem—symmetrical, as your manly qualities ; firm as your fidelity to your country ; and its solidity is a fit symbol of your unswerving

loyalty. And not alone with you, comrades, lies all the pride of this day, for the beaming eyes of your friends here present, tell that they, too, are filled with joy that they are with you in this grand hour when a visible testimonial to your greatness is dedicated on this field. These friends have been with you on the great battle ground at Gettysburg, where your prowess carved a special line on the monument of fame—a line cut in great letters high up on the pillar—letters so great, and line so high, that, for all time, the world will not cease to give you glad acclaim! So, the two fields of honor that they know, Gettysburg and Antietam, fill them with wonder that mortals could brave, endure and do so much—but could they be led to Fredericksburg, that slaughter place; to Chancellorsville, to Morton's Ford, that spot unknown to fame, where one-third of your number were killed or wounded; to all the other of your thirty-four engagements, to their wonder would be added veneration!

A fragment of the regiment is here this day, surrounded by brave comrades of other regiments, who, in their turn, suffered privation, pain, discouragement—and, in the end, had with you, the great joy that came with victory. With you, they bore their part, and performed the duty that came to them, though separate on this and other fields, and with you they to-day are citizens of a common state, applying themselves to the civic duties that are their part, with the same obedience and fortitude that all exhibited a third of a century ago.

In those days there were none who could tell of what would come when the citizens who had become soldiers came back to citizenship again. The whole world was in dread of the lawless hordes that would swarm from hamlet to hamlet, from the lonely wayside cottage to the village mansion, when the ranks were broken, and the restraints of military law were no longer potent. The subject occupied the thought, and excited the apprehension of

people of every continent. Few, indeed, in our republic were there but felt that when the last soldier was mustered out and cast idle on the land, dire trouble would ensue. But, thanks to the quality of manhood of which the soldiery was composed, the whole military contingent quietly assimilated, with not a ripple to disturb the body politic.

This memorial is placed here, not alone as a record of a regiment that had unusual service, but also as a tribute to your fealty to the nation, before, during, and since the War of the Rebellion. It speaks for the living as well as for the dead. Erected to those brave men who died just here, and to those who have died in peaceful homes on the hillsides of Connecticut ; erected to those who now toil in the fields and in the shops, and to him who died full of years and honors, a short time ago.

It stands for the tears and anxieties of mother and of wife, who all those long months suffered at the hearthstone in New England, and this firm granite is no more fixed than were the hard furrows that seamed the faces of the fathers whose sons were offered on the altar of our country. It stands in strength and dignity, telling that restless and ambitious plotters were once met and brought to the knowledge that we were a nation. Yea, it tells the present, and will tell the future disturber of our peace that all over this broad land, sturdy, loyal men will, as before, quickly respond to their country's call, and, like you, become heroes in a day. That coming generations may be led to venerate the flag, and incited to deeds of valor in its defense, we dedicate this monument to the Fourteenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers.

Address.

CHAPLAIN HENRY S. STEVENS.

This address was not delivered from manuscript and no verbatim report was taken at the time. Even a stenographic copy could not give an accurate impression of it, since it would lack the surroundings which are indispensable to an understanding of its language. Standing on the platform the Chaplain requested the people to place themselves so as to get a clear view of the field in which the monument of the Fourteenth Regiment stands. He then pointed out the East Woods where the regiment formed in line of battle, the Mumma buildings, Roulette house and barn, Dunker church, positions of batteries and the sunken road, called "Bloody Lane." He then described in thrilling words the advance of the regiment its engagement in the corn-field, and its withdrawal to the Roulette house. Then proceeding down the "Bloody Lane," various items of interest were related and the whole company stood on the knoll which, on the day of the battle, was the noted "ploughed ground." On a pile of corn-stalks for a rostrum, Mr. Stevens pointed out to eager eyes the headquarters of McClellan, fords of the Antietam, Turner's Gap, South Mountain, and nearer at hand traced the position of various bodies of troops, the movements of the Fourteenth, and related their experience in this most exposed position and their subsequent change to the support of a battery farther up to the Union left.

Incidents and observations by several of the veterans, questions by many of the company answered by the Chaplain, all lent deep interest to this part of the programme, which was as valuable as it was unique. Whatever of the more formal addresses of the day may be forgotten, it is certain the deep impressions and clear understanding of the battle gained by those hearing this address will long be held in memory.

DEDICATION
— OF THE —
Eighth Regiment Monument.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 2, P. M.

LIEUT. JOHN S. LANE, Meriden, Conn.,
Presiding.

Programme.

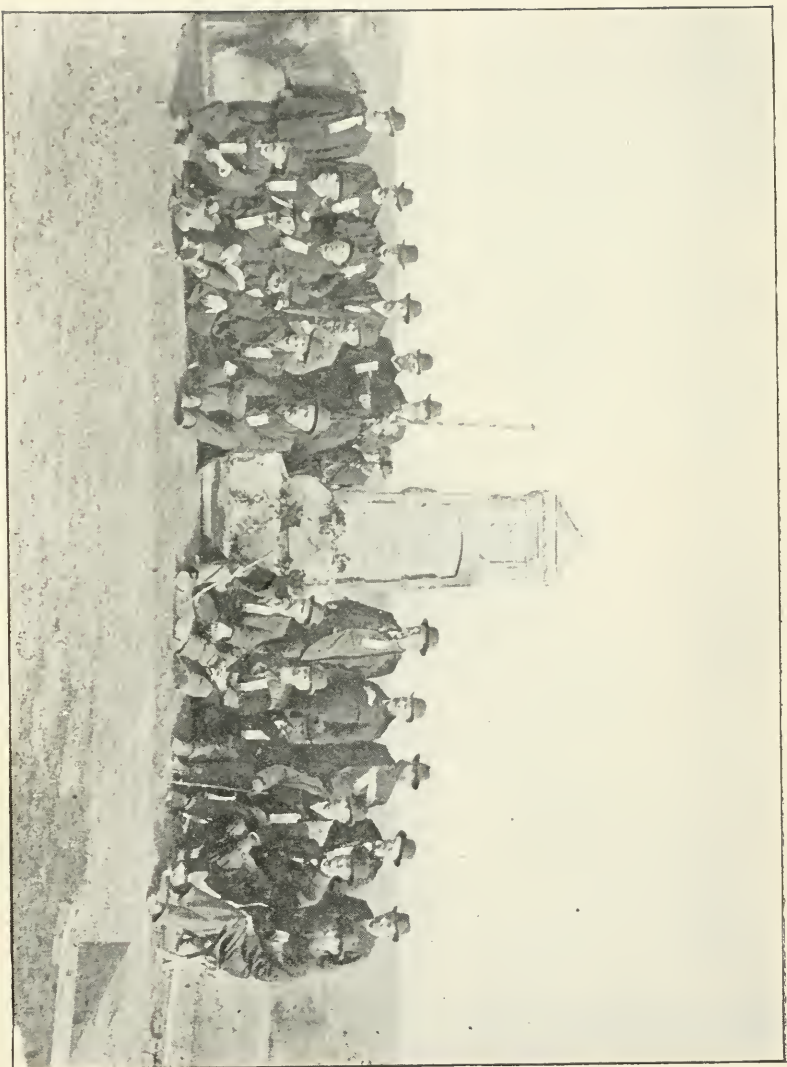
Music	Sharpsburg Band
Prayer	Corp. A. E. BARTRAM
Vocal Music — "Our Country's Flag,"	Male Choir
Address	Capt. H. R. JONES
Music — "America,"	Band



Prayer.

CORPORAL A. E. BARTRAM.

ALMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, who in Thy infinite love and goodness hast preserved the lives of so many who were engaged in the terrible battle on this very spot, thirty-two years and more ago, in the conflict to save the Union, and thus perpetuate those blessings which were so dear to our hearts, we thank Thee, O God, for the success which through Thy power and goodness crowned our efforts. While we are not unmindful of the fearful



MONUMENT EIGHTH CONN. VOLS.



CORP. A. E. BARTRAM



LIEUT. J. S. LANE



CAPT. H. R. JONES

cost in blood and treasure, we remember with gratitude and love those noble men, brave and true exemplars of the most dauntless heroism, men who counted not their lives, dear unto themselves, if the Union might be preserved. Those were the comrades we loved ; and to-day sorrow fills our hearts as we remember and call them by name. Yet we rejoice that the sacrifice they made was not in vain, and we here dedicate to their memory this monument. May it help not only to perpetuate their names, their sacrifices, and their bravery, but also their virtues of patriotism and love of country, which are the very life and bulwark of our nation, and may it be an inspiration to future generations as they come and go, to be loyal to the "Old Flag," true to those principles for which their fathers fought, and under Thy blessing obtained the victory, because they were battling for freedom, for the right, for true liberty, and thus may they, and we, enjoy the privileges of one country, one flag and one God ; the God of justice, mercy and love. And may the lives of these, our comrades, who are gathered here to-day, and those who are unable to be with us, be crowned with Thy blessing. To Thee we ascribe all praise, glory and honor, through Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ forever. Amen.

Address.

CAPT. HENRY R. JONES.

Comrades and Friends :

We stand on hallowed ground. The story of this spot, written in blood in 1862, has passed into the history of the Republic, and each loyal commonwealth, whose sons here did battle for the Union, has a share in the gallant record. The survivors of

four Connecticut regiments are here to-day to dedicate perpetual memorials of their several organizations. On one pilgrimage, and with a common aim, they are come, and each brings a tribute of loving remembrance for the comrade who here won a victor's laurels and a victor's grave.

This hour, with its reminiscent story, belongs in a special manner to the Eight Connecticut Volunteers, and it is of them, for them, and to them that I shall briefly speak. In complying with the request to prepare an address for this occasion two difficulties have been encountered. First, there was a hesitation in withdrawing the service of my own regiment from that vast record of heroic deeds of which it forms a page, lest I might seem to be overmuch praising the survivors, for whom I speak. But there came to me these words of Dr. Bushnell's grand commemoration address: "It is the ammunition spent that gains the battle, not the ammunition brought off the field. These dead are the spent ammunition of the war, and theirs above all is the victory." The other difficulty was, that the mention of single deeds of valor, must necessarily be omitted; where every man was a hero a choice of names seemed impossible, and where leader and rank and file together threw themselves into the breach, they should have a common eulogy in their common death.

When, in the dark days of the summer of 1861, President Lincoln issued the call for volunteers for three years, Connecticut promptly responded. Regiments were organized and sent to the front with all possible speed. The Fourth, Fifth and Sixth were soon filled, and volunteers for the Seventh came forward in such numbers that the overplus—the New Hartford Company—formed the nucleus of the Eighth, and were ordered into camp in Hartford early in September. By the 15th the regiment was full, and the gallant Edward Harland, who won his spurs in the three months' service, commissioned as Colonel.

The regiment was well officered, and the rank and file represented the best blood and sinew of six counties. Hartford sent two officers and nine men; Bridgeport one officer and eight men; Norwich the officer and thirty-three men of Company D. The rest were country boys; Meriden, which sent a company under Captain Upham, and Norwalk, which sent a detachment under Captain Fowler, being then but thrifty villages. The regiment, as it left Hartford for Annapolis, October 17th, 1861, halting at Jamaica, L. I., where it encamped two weeks, mustered over one thousand strong. Some were scholars; some were farmers; some were artisans or laborers—plain men who had never heard of Thermopylæ or Sempach, but in whose breasts burned the fire of Leonidas at the pass; of Winkelried, as he gathered to his bosom the Austrian spears and “made way for liberty.” The inspiration of an exalted patriotism made heroes of them all.

They were men that day who would stand alone
On the bridge Horatius kept;
They were men who would fight at Marathon,
Who would battle with Stark at Bennington,
When flashing from sabre and flint-lock gun,
The fires of freedom leapt.

Such was the heart and fibre of the men who embarked at Annapolis, November 6, to take part in that famous Burnside expedition. We can but briefly follow the stormy and tedious voyage, the engagements at Roanoke Island and at Newbern, where the Eighth were among the first over the ramparts, and where two men of the regiment were killed and four wounded.

At Fort Macon, worn with the long siege, with ranks depleted by sickness, and forty dying of typhoid fever, the Eighth did most arduous service. Ordered forward to pick off the rebel gunners, eight men were killed and twenty wounded before the fort capitulated.

lated. Colonel Harland was ill, Major Appleman wounded, and no field officer of the regiment was present to receive the surrendered flag, which trophy the Eighth had fairly won.

Tediously the early summer of 1862 wore away to the soldiers encamped on the banks of the Neuse and at Newport News, with fever making inroads on constitutions worn by a laborious siege. August found them at Fredericksburg, near which city they were for a month on picket duty.

But Washington was menaced, and August 31st saw the Eighth, with the Ninth Army Corps, on line of march for the Capital, from which city they moved September 8 to join McClellan's army in pursuit of Lee, arriving at Frederick just in time to see Jackson's cavalry driven out of its streets.

On the 14th was won the furious and bloody fight of South Mountain, where the Eighth was under fire, but held in reserve, with the bullets cutting the branches of the trees overhead.

At noon on the 15th of September the Ninth Corps took up the march from South Mountain to Sharpsburg, and morning found Harland's Brigade near Antietam Creek, where they remained all day within range of the rebel batteries on the heights beyond. At dark the brigade moved to position on the extreme Union left, and lay all night in line of battle. The Union line stretched for four miles along the Antietam, the enemy holding a position on the west side of the stream, protecting Sharpsburg, the bridges and the fords. General Burnside was in command of the Ninth Corps, which formed the left wing, Brigadier-General Rodman, of the Third Division, and Colonel Harland, of the Second Brigade; the Eighth, Eleventh and Sixteenth Connecticut, and the Fourth Rhode Island. At sunrise a ball from a rebel battery crashed through the Eighth, killing three men, and frightfully wounding four. The Connecticut Brigade was early in the day advanced on the left to support a battery near the creek, and came again under a sharp fire.

But how shall tongue recount the stubborn fighting all throughout the day, the awful carnage all along the line, as four times the field was lost and won? How shall we picture the desperate conflicts in the cornfield and in the "bloody lane," or tell how Burnside held the hill, or the Eleventh stormed the bridge, or Harland's Brigade forded the stream in the face of furious cannonading and raking musket fire?

At four o'clock Rodman's division was ordered forward. At the command from Colonel Harland the Eighth on the brigade right started, the Eleventh had not come up, the Sixteenth and the Fourth Rhode Island were delayed by some confusion of orders, but the Eighth, under Colonel Appleman, now on the extreme Union left, charged steadily up the hill, and as they reached the crest the rebel troops were but a few yards in front.

Halting and firing as they can, the Eighth pass on until alone they gain the crest of the hill, with three batteries turned upon them and a storm of shot and shell sweeping through the ranks. The color guard falls! Another siezes the standard, he too falls! A third! A fourth! and with him the standard goes down. But Private Charles H. Walker, of Company D, siezes the staff and waves the riddled banner in the very face of the foe. The officers stand like targets, Colonel Appleman falls! Nine others are wounded, staggering, dying. Men fall by scores, as thick and fast pours the leaden hail. Major Ward rallies the thinning ranks, and looks for re-inforcements. "We must fall back." And down the hill, in stern, unwilling column, march a hundred men where four times that number charged bravely up the slope. In the words of Chaplain Morris:

"No regiment of the Ninth Corps has advanced so far, or held out so long, or retired in formation so good. By their stubborn fight they have saved many others from death or capture, and by their orderly retreat they saved themselves."

And here, on this spot, marking the advanced position of the regiment on that "bloodiest day that America ever saw," the Eighth has chosen its monumental site. Is it not indeed hallowed ground, its precincts baptised with the blood of one hundred and ninety-four men of the regiment here killed or wounded? In no battle of the war did Connecticut troops suffer so heavily. Harland's Brigade loss was six hundred and eighteen in killed and wounded, one of the heaviest brigade losses in the entire army. Here General Rodman fell, mortally wounded, in the charge which cost Connecticut so dear.

Night closed the contest, but Oh ! the appalling scenes after the battle, the agonies of the wounded and the dying, the unspeakably mournful tasks of the surgeons and the survivors who all that night and the next day buried their dead. Near the point where they made their gallant charge, side by side, were laid the dead of the Eighth, with rude pine headboards marking the graves.

Continuing on duty with the Army of the Potomac, it was not until December that the Eighth saw fighting again, this time at Fredericksburg. At Fort Huger, Walthall Junction, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Fort Darling, Petersburg and Fort Harrison, the Eighth was engaged with more or less loss.

At Drury's Bluff they were commended for special gallantry ; at Fort Harrison the regiment suffered a loss of eight killed and sixty-five wounded. On the 3rd of April, 1865, they were with the advance of the Union army at Richmond. After the close of the war the Eighth did military duty for several months at Lynchburg, and was mustered out December 12th, 1865, after a service of four years and two months, a longer time than was served by any Connecticut regiment, except the First Artillery and the Thirteenth Infantry.

Meager as has been the foregoing outline of a four years' record of heroic sacrifice, it calls for an answer to the question :

“For what cause did these men do battle?” A candid look at the question compels the answer: “They and all the loyal men who fought from 1861 to 1865 were battling for Union and liberty against disunion and treason.” Those good people who counsel that the issues of the late war should be spoken of only in whispers, who say, apprehensively, “the war is over, we are all brethren again, don’t mention the sectional differences of 1861,” are demeaning the services of every man who fought in the late war for the Union. If the men who left home and all that was dear to peril life at their country’s call had no high motive, no inspiration that is worth the mention, where was the heroism? Take away the righteousness of a cause, and war is but stupendous butchery.

I tell you, comrades, in such a place as this we must speak of the issues at stake in that dreadful war, or our hearts would burst as we contemplate the fearful cost at which this Union was saved, the Union for which these our brothers fought and bled and starved and died. The Union threatened with dismemberment, assailed by those who had sworn to support and defend it! The Union, not only of Lincoln and the Republic of 1861, but the Union of Washington and the men who fought in 1776, and cemented their rights of government in a ratification of the constitution of 1787. Washington himself, who presided over the convention which framed our national constitution, said: “In all our deliberations we kept steadily in view that which appears to us the greatest interest of every true American—the consolidation of our Union—in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety, and, perhaps, our national existence.” The Union, complete and indissoluble, was the first great principle of Washington’s policy. In that immortal address at the close of his Presidential service, the father of his country summed up his farewell to his countrymen in these words:

“It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and in-

dividual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of our political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discount-nancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

Shade of Washington, son of Virginia, noblest type of Southern chivalry! Didst thou foresee that it would be a Virginian, one allied to thine own house, one nurtured and educated by the nation, who would turn traitor to his oath of fealty, and lead an army to destroy the structure thou didst rear, and dying, bequeath to this Republic?

The Union, the legacy of Washington and the fathers to succeeding generations, the Union which had stood before the world for seventy years as the home of peace, of prosperity, of constitutional liberty; whose emblem, the stars and stripes, was hailed as the banner of the free in every clime; it was to preserve *this* from dismemberment, to snatch its banner from disgrace at home and from obloquy among the nations, it was for *this* that two millions of loyal men periled life in that four years' struggle, it was for *this* that blood ran as rivers on this ghastly field in 1862.

And, thank God! the Union was preserved. To-day it stands, forty four stars studding its blue ensign, seventy millions of people within its borders, with a prosperity and a future opening before it such as the world has never seen.

Standing on the verge of the twentieth century, we look back thirty-two years, and say of those who fell here, and on every bloody field of that long conflict, "Theirs was a glorious death, and for a glorious cause, and its meaning grows more luminous

with the lapse of years. We were too near them to fully understand. They who fell never knew that Time, the great transmuter, would make heroes of them all. We saw their imperfections, we knew them as *men*, future generations will know them as martyrs whose blood was the seed of a reunited nation.

“ So take them, Heroes of the songful Past !
 Open your ranks, let every shining troop
 Its phantom banners droop,
 To hail Earth's noblest martyrs and her last.
 Take them, O Fatherland,
 Who dying, conquered in thy name :
 And, with a grateful hand,
 Inscribe their deeds who took away thy blame.
 Give, for their grandest all, thine insufficient fame !
 Take them, O God, our brave,
 The glad fulfillers of Thy dread decree ;
 Who grasped the sword for Peace, and smote to save,
 And dying *here for Freedom*, died for Thee.”

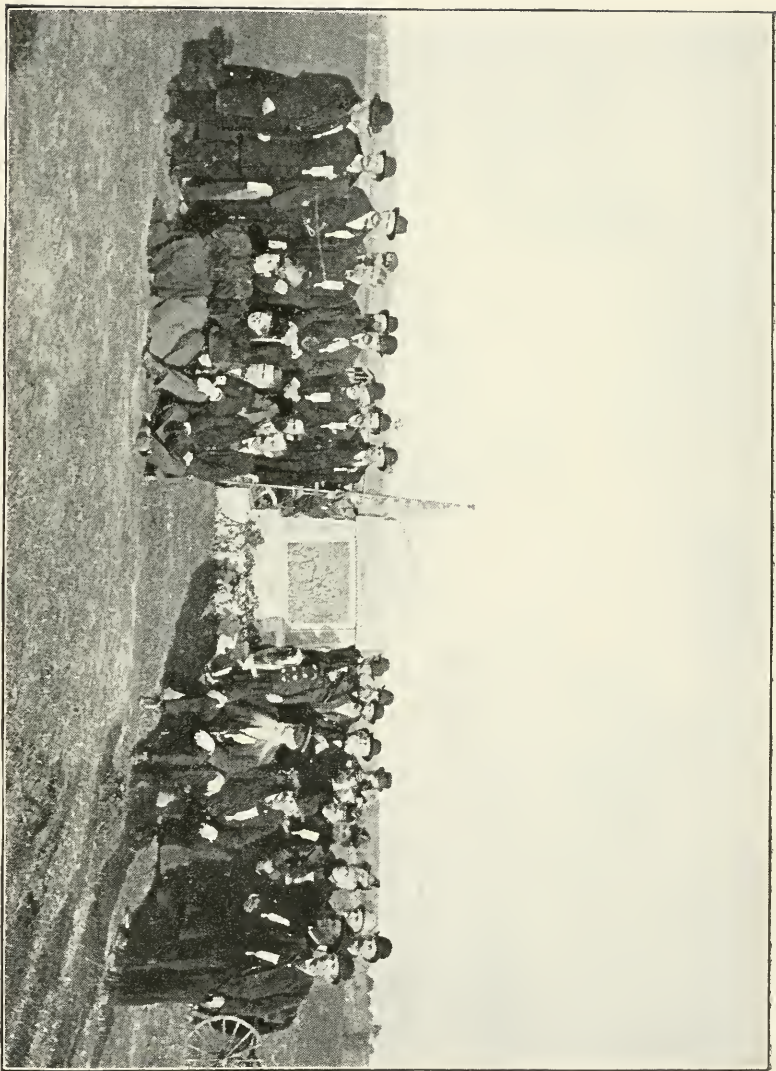
And now, comrades in arms, tried friends in peace, we who came from this field in our young manhood, scathed, it may be, proud to carry through life an empty sleeve, a shattered breast, a halting step, an aching wound as our offering, where the supreme sacrifice was not required ; we who, on other fields, carried the musket or unsheathed the sword ; we who languished in prison pen or noxious swamp ; now, a handful, representing the two hundred survivors of the two thousand men who fought under the banner of the Eighth, we have *come again*. All things are changed ; these hills give back no echo of the battle's din ; no rushing charge tramples the grassy fields ; no gory tide flows down the quiet stream. The graves are leveled, their rough headboards gone.

In yonder cemetery, watched by a nation's care, sleep those of our comrades who were left upon the field. Along the Carolina

coast and on Virginian hills lie many more, while mouldering with kindred dust in the cemeteries of our own state, or in lonely graves "by mount and stream and sea" the scattered remnant rest. For some the hand of affection has raised a memorial stone, and the names of many are graven on the soldier's monuments in the old home towns. Some lie in nameless graves, and of some the only record is the sad word "missing."

But here is a monument for all. The State of Connecticut commissions us to-day to dedicate to the memory of every soldier of her Eighth Volunteer Infantry this monument, that henceforth none who served in that organization shall fail of a fitting memorial. Here, cut in enduring granite, is their record of valor; here the knapsack and the bayonet, symbols of the march and the intrepid charge.

O, comrades! who, weary with the march and the onset, have heard the tattoo call, drawn the curtains of your tents and fallen asleep—to you, we who remain, in the name of our grateful commonwealth, dedicate this perpetual memorial. Be it ours to tend it, and ours to accept the legacy which you have left us—devotion until death, to a Union saved and reunited.



MONUMENT ELEVENTH REGIMENT CONN. VOLS.



COL. S. B. HORNE.



REV. GEO. RUSSELL WARNER.



P. W. AMBLER ESQ.

DEDICATION

— OF THE —

Eleventh Regiment Monument.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 3, P. M.

P. W. AMBLER, ESQ., Danbury, Conn.,

Presiding.

Programme.

Music	Sharpsburg Band
Prayer	Rev. GEO. RUSSELL WARNER
Vocal Music — "Last Honors,"	Male Choir
Address	Col. SAMUEL B. HORNE
Music	Band



Prayer.

REV. GEORGE RUSSELL WARNER.

Almighty, eternal God, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, by whose will nations are cast down or stand, whose tender mercies are over all Thy works, we implore Thy blessing upon all the services this day, and this hour, on this historic field. And may they inspire in us still greater love for Thee, our God, for our country, and for all mankind.

Uphold, we pray Thee, the government of this great nation by Thy merciful, almighty power. Restrain all enemies of its peace

and prosperity. Defend us against all social evils and contentions. And may the divine institution, the family, the unit of the State, be effectually guarded from all the influences which would degrade and destroy it. That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth ; that our daughters may be as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace ; that we may be a great and happy people whose God is the Lord.

Vouchsafe Thy blessing, we pray Thee, upon our public schools, the corner-stone of this Republic ; upon our colleges and seminaries of learning. May they, in their influence upon our children and youth, honor Thy great and holy name, and fail not to inculcate the fundamental principles of constitutional liberty.

Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless all those in authority over us, and so replenish them with the grace of Thy holy spirit, that they may always incline to Thy will and walk in Thy way ; and may our rulers and people ever be actuated by the principles of truth, duty, union and patriotism.

Graciously accept our humble and hearty thanks for every token of the Divine favor to our land ; and unto Thee would we give all the glory of every step in our nation's progress, and for its preservation from those dangers which threaten its life.

And now, O Father, bestow Thy blessing and benediction upon the services of this hour. Bless all those who have been instrumental in the erection of this monument now to be unveiled, and those who shall participate in these patriotic services. May this monument prove an enduring memorial to future generations of the severe struggle upon this battlefield, and of the great victory of right over wrong, of truth over error, which finally came to our government, and may the impressive lessons of the day, quickened and intensified by the flowing tide of memory, sink deeply into our hearts, and manifest themselves in our lives to Thy glory, our own and the nation's good.

Assist us mercifully, O Lord, in these, our supplicating prayers, and dispose the way of Thy servants towards the attainment of everlasting salvation ; that among all the changes and chances of this mortal life they may ever be defended by Thy most gracious and ready help. And to the triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, will we ascribe all might, majesty, dominion and power, world without end. Amen.

Address.

COL. SAMUEL B. HORNE.

Survivors of the Eleventh Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, Comrades and Citizens : —

We are assembled this day after a lapse of more than thirty-two years, upon the blood-stained and historic battlefield of Antietam ; where in years ago, the blood of many of you mingled with the life-blood of our then companions and tent-mates, who, mangled and dying, fell bleeding by your side on this eventful field.

Looking back, as in a dream, over those fleeting years, we can realize that intemperate zeal had engendered in the land sectional animosities boding no good.

An absolute disaffection prevailed through a large and populous territory that was fast assuming the proportions of open rebellion.

What at first we regarded as a mere speck of trouble upon our southern horizon had swollen to the dimensions of a horrid war-cloud, which finally burst into a reality.

It was in the darkest hour, when man's rights were almost in

their death throes, that the masses rose in their might, and vowed under God, that liberty should not perish from the earth.

One absorbing thought filled every mind and throbbed in every heart.

All differences were forgotten. The nineteenth century saw a heroic age.

Wealth offered treasures and poverty its mite. Immense sums were subscribed to the national funds. Religion called her worshippers each day to prayers, and unfurled the flag upon her temples.

From every housetop streamed the Union colors.

More than two millions sprung from their avocations and donned the blue. The dearest ties were severed. The choicest blessings sacrificed. Men bade adieu to homes, wives and children; to affianced brides and widowed mothers.

Rich and poor marched shoulder to shoulder and touched elbows in a common cause.

Bright boys left school or college, others the shop, the farm or counting-room, and bade good-bye to home and friends, seized muskets and hurried to the front.

They knew they were to risk health, and endanger their lives. Unhoused, to be exposed to scorching heat and bitter cold, endure fearful marches, famished, to fall by the wayside—likely to die, as thousands did, without a chance to say “good-bye” to comrades near, and to lie in uncoffined graves.

Yet all—all were welcome to swell that glorious band. It mattered not their color, creed or nationality. They were welcomed as breathing the pure air of freedom to see that the Union of our fathers might be preserved.

These sentiments pervaded every town and hamlet.

Town, village, and every home sent forth her sons, and in confronting rebellion on southern soil stood the grandest and mightiest army ever marshalled in the holy cause of liberty and country.

It was not an invincible legion of middle-aged or gray-haired cavaliers, but the flower and gems of youth of a loyal country.

History tells us that in the summer of 1864, the average age of the members of the Army of the Potomac was but twenty-two years.

That estimate may be taken as a criterion, an index of the average in that year, of the members of other corps, and armies that constituted that legion of honor which our first martyred president marshalled to his country's starry standard.

You were there and of that army. Boys then — gray-haired veterans now. How soon you bade "good-bye" to your elder officers and men, who were retired by resignation, or a needed trip through the hospital to the rear.

The soldierly qualities of the youthful private, qualified him for promotion through the various grades to the command of the Eleventh Regiment, or higher.

You may justly feel proud to have served with it in any capacity. Its flags, now, thank God, at the State Capitol, always occupied an advanced position at the front.

You carried and maintained them there.

Their silken folds and staffs have been torn and shattered by shot and shell.

No other regimental emblems returned to the care of our Commonwealth can speak to future generations in more eloquent and sympathetic terms of past service and glory, than their crippled and shattered condition, or of the heroic daring and bravery of the boys who marched, fought or died, under their inspiring folds.

Their history and representation has been made a subject of comment in that exceedingly bright and interesting book, "My Story of the War," written by the brainy, eloquent and magnetic speaker and writer, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

You weaved for them that history. It is but a counterpart of

your own, as woven during those impressive and terrible years of war.

History does not stop at the flags. In speaking of your trials and dangers, the march and bivouac, the skirmishes and battles, the death of comrades, and the wounding and crippling of so many more, reference is made to the tragic story of your flags, and the fighting qualities of its defenders in Colonel Fox's "History of Regimental Losses in the Civil War," wherein the Eleventh Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers is classed among the "three hundred fighting regiments."

When it is remembered there were several thousand regimental organizations in the field, from which this eminent and undisputed authority selected his material one, may wonder that at this date, a man survives of that once mighty phalanx, to dedicate this magnificent tribute to the fidelity, service, and courage of his former associates in arms.

The same authority asserts that while Gettysburg was the greatest battle of the war, covering a period of three days' fighting, "Antietam was the bloodiest of the war."

More men were killed on that day, September 17th, 1862, than upon any other one day during the war.

There were greater battles, with greater loss of life, but they were not fought out in one day as at Antietam, where the bloody work commenced at sunrise and by four o'clock in the afternoon it was over.

You were there as active participants and willing spectators of that bloody scene.

What a thrilling experience for mere boys!

How memory must crowd you back to the recollections of that day. The stone bridge and the corn-field.

Its booming cannon and rattling musketry, the charges and counter-charges.

But what of your immediate part in that great contest ?

It is best told in the language of the "Military History of Connecticut in the Civil War," for it was written by a participant at a time when the facts and circumstances were fresh in his memory. He says :

"Colonel Kingsbury received orders from General Burnside to march the Eleventh Regiment to the bridge, after the batteries had shelled the rebel batteries on the other side, and hold it until General Rodman could march his column over.

"The Eleventh Regiment approached the bridge through a narrow defile in the woods, thence through a corn-field and over a ploughed field adjacent to the road. Your skirmishers advancing very briskly engaged the enemy on the opposite side.

"Colonel Kingsbury gave command of the right wing to Lieutenant-Colonel Stedman, with directions to advance and occupy a hill between the road and river, overlooking the bridge. Having accomplished this under a heavy fire, the right wing immediately engaged the enemy and lost very heavily in this position ; the sharpshooters of the enemy taking off your men very fast, while the enemy's main body lay concealed. Colonel Kingsbury at the same time brought up the left wing, where the men were exposed to an intense fire, to take up a position near the bridge.

"All the rebel batteries were now roaring. The air rang with whistling bullets and the ground quaked with the hard breath of artillery. The Eleventh descended to storm Antietam Bridge. The rebel guns were pouring in a destructive fire of grape and canister, while continuous volleys from an unseen enemy in the woods were also showered upon them.

"Down the road leaped the Eleventh, into the 'Valley of Death.' Company A and B, under Captain John Griswold, were deployed as skirmishers, and they plunged into the swift stream, here some fifty feet wide and four deep. Their dauntless com-

mander taking the lead, was shot in the breast in mid-river, but struggled forward, and fell on the opposite bank among the rebels.

“The left wing of the regiment was now near the bridge. Colonel Kingsbury was active, inciting the soldiers to the charge by his gallant bearing and the inspiration of his voice. Many men fell. The Colonel was a special mark, and he was soon shot in the foot, and immediately thereafter in the leg; while he was being carried off the field he received a third ball in his shoulder, and a fourth in the abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound.

“The Eleventh fought stubbornly, for a time without support; but at last other regiments came up, with a wild cheer they swept down the hill and charged across the bridge, driving the rebels back and making a permanent lodgment on the opposite slope.

“The Eleventh was relieved, and spent an hour in gathering up the dead and caring for the wounded. Colonel Stedman brought the regiment back to the bridge, crossed, and advanced rapidly toward the cornfield where the brigade was fighting. The enemy was pressing down hard upon the left and front, and he now supported a battery that had been advanced to a crest of a hill in front of the Eleventh. Shot and shell rained plenteously. Twice had the Eleventh rallied for a charge, and finally drove the enemy, and the battery was saved.

“Colonel Kingsbury was dead, Lieutenant-Colonel Stedman was wounded and weak with the loss of blood, Major Moegling was wounded, Captain Griswold was dead. Companies were squads without officers, and officers with broken swords and battered uniforms, but without commands.

“The next morning Lee’s pickets retired and ours advanced. Our wounded cared for, attention was turned to burying the dead. All day went on the excavation of graves where the martyrs found a truce, and as the shadows lengthened and faded out the sad work was ended.”

Had we then pushed the retreating army of Lee, it is more than probable that the war would have come to a speedier close.

In *Harper's Monthly* for August last, in speaking of the battle of Antietam, Mr. George W. Smalley, a veteran correspondent, throws an interesting light upon that famous battle, and the attitude of the Union army towards its commander, General McClellan, of that memorable field.

Mr. Smalley's narrative is highly significant, as showing the spirit which animated the national troops at that early period of the war, their readiness to follow wherever a brave and aggressive commander might lead.

That McClellan was too slow is now universally acknowledged.

He fought too much after the eighteenth century fashion, before the French Revolution had revealed that courage, dash and energy were of more importance than tactics, and that victory might be achieved without a strict adherence to the forms of drill.

McClellan believed in fighting after the programme of a parade and his deliberate methods gave the enemy ample warning of his designs.

"Fighting Joe Hooker" was a man of another stamp. If head-long bravery was then a fault, he was then far from faultless, and it was no wonder that long before the battle was over Hooker was severely wounded in the foot.

All of this is matter of history.

Soldiers of the second American revolution: Veterans of the sublimest war in the annals of history—Need I recount your deeds at] Newbern, South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Suffolk and its seige, Swift's Creek, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and your entry into the rebel capital, Richmond?

History tells the story. I need not dwell upon it, or consume time.

Of some men, on this occasion, I would say a word.

They were known to you, and their history is in part that of the Eleventh Regiment and its movements.

You all remember the first officer to fall in our first baptism of fire and successful battle—Newbern, March 14th, 1862—Captain Edward R. Lee of Company D. A descendant of revolutionary stock, he grew up with an intense love of country, and prized republican institutions as being worth all toil and sacrifice.

That magnificent soldier, disciplinarian, and daring officer, Colonel Kingsbury, who came to us from the regular army, fell upon this field.

He had already made this one of the best disciplined organizations in the service, when Lieutenant-Colonel Griffin A. Stedman became Colonel.

Major Converse, Captain Amos D. Allen and Adjutant Samuel C. Barnum were mortally wounded and soon died, and a long list of officers and a host of men were wounded.

You well remember Comrade Converse. Upon this field he was Adjutant to Colonel Kingsbury, and was promoted to be Major for skill and particular valor upon that occasion. Of him Dr. Nathan Mayer, for some time Surgeon of the Eleventh Regiment, and now a distinguished physician and surgeon of Hartford, who knew him well, has thus written :

“He had infinite humor, yet, under the comic mask wore a strong, feeling heart. He loved well and hated strongly. He was a prompt officer, very absolute and strict. Not familiarly popular, but always trusted and well obeyed. His character was fast rooted in absolute firmness and incorruptible integrity, and adorned with native courtesy and an exquisite sense of honor.”

It has been left for me to speak of Adjutant Samuel C. Barnum, for he was my Second Lieutenant in Company E, from which position he was quickly promoted to Regimental Adjutant. At the battle of Cold Harbor he was Brigade-Adjutant-General to Colonel

Stedman, who commanded our brigade. He was intimately known by every man in the regiment, and was as popular and brave as the gallant Colonel Stedman.

With a shattered knee, in great pain, but without a murmur of complaint, he was conveyed in an ambulance with me all that dreary night to the landing, and thence to Washington by boat. We parted ; he being sent to one hospital, I to another. That was our last parting. Amputation of the limb took place, a re-amputation had to be performed. The loss of blood and vitality was too great ; his system could not stand the strain ; the cord of life was soon snapped. His remains lie buried in the beautiful town of Norfolk on the highest range of the mountain county—Litchfield. He was a sweet and delightful companion ; always prompt, brave and collected ; never harsh or angry. To say that he was a good citizen, a faithful friend, a charming companion and a gallant soldier, would but poorly fill the measure of his merits.

Little less can be said of Captain Amos D. Allen, who came to us with a commission from the gallant Fifth Connecticut Regiment. So, too, do his remains peacefully rest in the same county—in historic Cornwall, near those of the illustrious General Sedgwick.

August 5th, so soon after the terrific charge at Cold Harbor, on June 3d, was a bloody day for our forces. In it the missiles of death swept down our dear Colonel Stedman, and Lieutenant-Colonel Moegling. The wound of Colonel Stedman was mortal. He had just been commissioned as General.

His character is best told by our Chaplain, who writes : “ His culture, his refinement, his urbanity, his taste, his delicacy and purity of sentiment, fitted him well for social intercourse. But he had royal and martial qualities. He stood like the mighty monarch of the forest, while weaker fibre of other growth, yielded to the tempest and fell.”

The Regiment will long remember Friday, June 17th, 1864

Of the organization, and just subsequent to that day, Lieutenant-Colonel Moegling, in his report, said :

“ Since May 9th, the Eleventh has been under fire twenty-three times, and has lost four hundred men in action, and over half of its officers. It has marched many miles with but very few stragglers, and has always done its duty without flinching.”

Upon that day one of our best and most loving captains was stricken down. I refer to Captain William N. Sackett, who, when the war first began, enlisted in a three-months' regiment, and later joined us as a second lieutenant. Upon this field by his cool bravery and gallantry, he was at once promoted.

He did not expect to survive that terrible campaign. He had made due provision for the disposal of his body and effects. This premonition, alas, too true, did not deter him from the full performance of a soldier's duty. He fell in the din of battle, a “ heroic leader among heroic men.”

Two Colonels, our Major and Adjutant, many Captains, and others killed. The Lieutenant-Colonel (Moegling) often wounded, but to die at home, while the regiment was yet in the field.

Need I speak further of the heroic dead? Their record stands in your memory, and upon the pages of the history of the war. May I be pardoned if I say a word of one of our comrades who yet survives? Much may be said about the history in camp and civil life of all, but I know you will pardon me if I especially make mention of but one.

Of Corporal Henry A. Eastman, of Company K, who, when our colors wavered upon this field, stepped forth, and, with flashing eye, said, “ Give me the ‘ colors,’ ” and, with a burst of cheers, the Eleventh followed its bold color-bearer, and the battery was saved.

A magnificent act of personal bravery. It is no wonder that such heroism subsequently brought to him a Captain's commission, or that his comrades have made him an honored member of the

General Committee who have in charge this beautiful memorial and the programme of to-day.

It would be out of place and a want of refined taste for me to follow the example of the clerical gentleman, the orator of the day, at the recent dedication of the Confederate monument at Richmond, or the garrulous, bitter and vain-glorious General Rossiter, whom "Sheridan and his troopers sent whirling up the valley," in unkind allusions or bitter tirade against the brave men who were then our foes, and who should *now* be our warmest friends. We were right and won. They were wrong and lost. The story is brief.

If, however, they deem it gallant and chivalrous to use such language towards us, we can stand it. Yet I do not believe they express the true sentiment of the brave men against whom we fought.

We can't forget, but we can forgive, and do. We look upon them as brothers of our common mother country. We must remember that we have outgrown the past, and that we have entered on a new and high national life.

We honor our State for this beautiful gift. It is a lesson of love. Its mute bearing will tell the present and future generations why and for whom it is placed here. The story will flash down the ages and help to light unborn millions to the highway of patriotism.

"Lo ! Another age is rising
In the coming years I see;
Hopes and promises of blessing,
Light, and love, and liberty.
All the good the past hath garnered,
All the present yet hath won,
Fade before the glorious future
Like the stars before the sun ;
Truth for every eye is shining,
In the fullness of that day —
Joy, and Hope, descended angels,
Rest, no more to pass away."

DEDICATION

— OF THE —

Sixteenth Regiment Monument.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 4, P. M.

ADJUTANT J. B. CLAPP, Hartford, Conn.,
Presiding.

Programme.

Prayer	Rev. P. V. FINCH
Unveiling Monument	Mrs. Col. F. W. CHENEY
Music	Sharpsburg Band
Address	Col. F. W. CHENEY
Vocal Music	Male Choir
Poem	Surgeon NATHAN MAYER
Music	Band
Invocation and Benediction	Rev. CHARLES DIXON



Prayer.

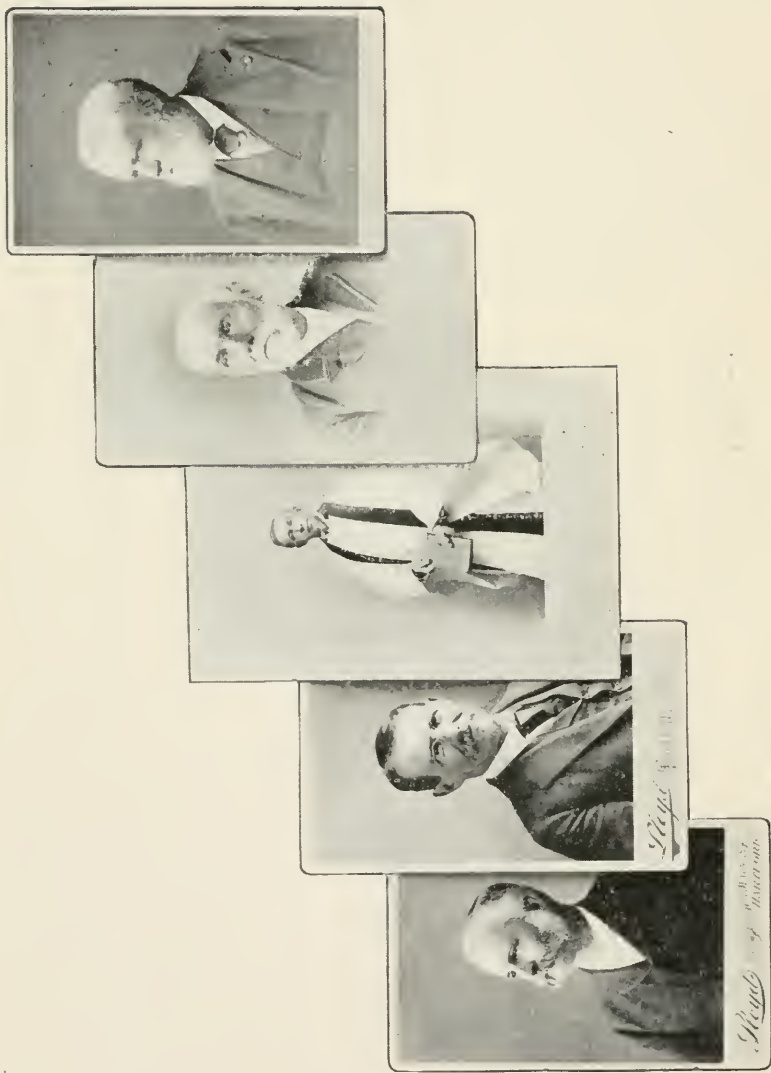
REV. P. V. FINCH.

O, God, who dwellest above the heavens ; clouds and darkness are round about Thee, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of Thy seat ; and yet, though throned above, Thou art not far from any one of us, for in Thee we live, and move, and have our being. Be with us during this solemn, consecrated hour, and give us Thy blessing.

We would recall Thy mercies in ages past. As Thou gavest to



MONUMENT SIXTEENTH REGIMENT CONN. VOLS.



GEN. J. B. CLAPP. SURGEON N. MAYER. REV. P. V. FINCH. REV. C. DIXON. COL. F. W. CHENEY.

Thy chosen people a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills ; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates ; a land of olive oil and honey ; a land wherein they could eat bread without scarceness, and in which they lacked nothing ; a land whose stones were iron, and out of whose hills they might dig brass, so didst Thou guide our fathers to this goodly heritage. It was not through their sword that they got the land in possession, but through Thy right hand and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto them.

As we acknowledge with grateful hearts the gift of this fair heritage, so may we remember, God of our fathers, that they laid the foundations of the republic which has risen here, in blood ; that when its life was assailed and endangered, it was saved through blood, and that the very soil on which we are now standing is consecrated by that blood, the blood of men who counted not their lives dear so that the blessings of liberty might be preserved and perpetuated. We thank Thee for the lives of those men, our comrades, who fell beside us on this field of strife. As we recall the costly libation poured out upon this very spot upon the altar of liberty, may we be impressively reminded that all the good we have or enjoy comes to us through the sufferings of others ; that the very life which we now have is the result of maternal anguish ; that in the sweat of the brow we must eat bread ; that nature's secrets are wrung from her by the sweat of the brain, and that the peace of our nation and of the nations of the earth has been purchased for us by the blood of heroes whose bones lie mouldering upon a thousand battlefields. To noble heroes, our own dead, who, in the cause of liberty and union, fell here, we dedicate this monument, most earnestly beseeching Thee, Almighty God, that it may be precious in Thy sight, and forever revered and hallowed in the affections of mankind ; that all who would desecrate and profane it

may be driven herefrom by the invisible guardians and protectors of the ashes of the dead ; that those whom it commemorates, and who have been gathered to their home in the grave, may rest in peace and safety ; that their sleep may be sweet ; and that the time may soon be accomplished when all that are in their grave shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth ; and when we, with those departed who have built abiding characters upon the foundation of the Christian virtues, and have done their duty to God, to their fellow men, to their country and to themselves, shall have our perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory.

Grant, O Heavenly Father, that upon this sacred spot where so many precious, patriotic lives we sacrificed, we may consecrate ourselves anew in fealty to our common country. May we interest ourselves heartily in all that concerns its welfare, and especially in efforts to secure the appointment of good men and true to positions of responsibility and trust in the management of its affairs.

Bless the Governor of this State, of the commonwealth whose honored name this regiment bears, and which generously aids in the erection of this monument to her sons, the President of the United States, and our Senate and Representatives who constitute our National Congress. So rule their hearts and govern their minds in their deliberations and actions legislative and executive, for the welfare of the nation, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations.

Vouchsafe us Thy countenance and aid in the remaining exercises and ceremonies in which we would honor the memory and virtues of departed worth. Direct us in all that we may do with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continuous help, that in all our works begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name ; and that finally through the grave and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection through Him who

died, and was buried, and rose again for us, Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, in whose perfect form of words and with voices, we sum up these, our petitions. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory.

Address.

COL. F. W. CHENEY.

Comrades :—We made our first pilgrimage to this spot five years ago, and decorated the graves of our companions in the National Cemetery, where our grateful country laid them at rest and keeps watch and guard over them. This is as it should be, but a feeling came over us that we would like to have our own graveyard—our own God's Acre—here, where our regiment stood the brunt of its first battle.

After awhile we were able to get possession of this lot. We wanted to share it with our gallant comrades of the Eighth and Eleventh Regiments, who were brigaded with us. We would gladly have any other regiments of our State, or of any other State, who have loyal associations with this part of the field, place their memorials here. We recognize the feelings which made some of them prefer other localities where their daring carried their colors furthest to the front. But we must keep in mind that “we, too, like the leaves, are falling,” and our ranks are thinning fast. In a few years, only a few of us will be left to care for this place, and when all of us

have passed on, what disposition shall be made of it to insure the preservation of the monument our State has generously erected? Shall we ask the State to accept the guardianship? Or turn it over to the National Antietam Cemetery Association, when it has been organized and duly prepared to assume charge of the whole battlefield? The latter course would seem to be the most appropriate. It rests with you to decide what to do.

The general history of the Battle of Antietam has been written many times, and rewritten in all of its details. Just and unjust praise has been bestowed for what was done, and vain regrets wasted over what was left undone. The part of its true history which comes home to us to-day is that in which this small remnant of our regiment and our dead comrades were a part. The story of each man's own life is the only atom of history he has knowledge of at first hand,—what he knows about himself and his companions in arms; how they came to be soldiers; how they lived and looked in camp and on the march, in winter and summer, in storm and sunshine, at rest and in the thick of the fight; alive—full of courage and high hopes; then, dead on the field, or sadder yet, in the hospital; the hurried burial, or the slow funeral march; the last volley over the grave, and the march back to quick time. These war scenes come rolling over you with those of that bloody day at Antietam thirty-two years ago.

And with them comes floating in the air the refrain of old war songs, the words of which may now seem rude and unmeaning to a younger generation; but the men who sung them in those days yet feel their heart-strings vibrate with the strains of "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong!" "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!" and, "Glory, glory, hallelujah, his soul is marching on!"

There is music in the air. It matters not what the words are. They are sung by hosts above and around us, and rise and fall as

they come from near by or far away, to where the boys sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea. They bring back to our souls, alive to them as they must be to-day, the inspiration of high hopes and noble deeds, the memories of which crowd upon us as we stand together around the monument our State has placed here in memory of those who gave their lives that our country might live—a nation, not broken into fragments.

Our own work is nearly done. Our children must carry it on. Let us bring them up so that they will hold fast to the faith of their fathers, in the old flag, and all it represents, and to believe that brave men fought and died for it down here in Maryland, where we now dedicate this monument, on the spot consecrated by the blood of our comrades—soldiers of the Union mustered out.

ANTIETAM, October 11, 1894.

Antietam.

SURGEON NATHAN MAYER.

COMRADES! the value of a thing
 Is stamped by sacrifice we bring
 In its attainment. If bright gold
 Like sand and pebbles 'round us rolled,
 And pearls like daisies blossomed nigh,
 We should admire — yet let them lie!
 'Tis by the effort and the strain,
 The reaching forth with might and main,
 The sudden summons into play
 Of forces that within us lay,

The risks we boldly gauge and take,
 The loss we dare though hearts should break,
 The living price, whate'er it be,
 Which we fling in for victory,
 By all we gave and all we lost—
 A chosen self-appointed cost—
 We mark on scales of human fame
 The human value of our aim.

Who senses e'er the merry day
 Of childhood's growth or boyhood's play?
 When, sweet life stirring every hour
 Brings keener knowledge, firmer power,
 And forces weave from span to span
 The mightier texture of a man?
 Who senses it, till, past recall,
 The self-same forces fail and fall?
 And who can realize the worth
 Of all the miracles on earth
 That, commonplace and every day,
 Compel our course? The lighsome ray,
 The air we breathe, the earth below
 That moulds the fruit, the water's flow,
 The sense with which we see and deal,
 The heart by which we love and feel,
 The liberty that makes us man—
 All these we have, yet never can
 We know their worth until we need
 And have them not; then stung to deed
 By courage born of stress and pain,
 We combat that we might regain

What erst we held at lightsome rate—
 A birthright ; till avenging fate
 Demands for it the bloody fee
 Of battle and of victory.
 'Tis only thus we sense the cost
 Of what we held and what we lost.

So was our Union. Mighty source
 Of power and glory, and the force
 That awed the world and kept us free
 Forefended by the boundless sea.
 It was the force that made us great,
 Where each one stood for every State,
 And every State for each was 'gaged,
 And friendly interests but waged
 A war of mutual excellence.
 Yet knew we not, and could not sense
 The life-need of this bond of power
 Until it broke. Then, in one hour,
 With sudden jar the wide-spread land
 Did see, and feel, and understand
 What Union was, what it must be —
 Our guard of peace and liberty !
 Then, like a sea, the hearts of all
 That loved their country, rose. A call
 Went forth — from whom, from whence, who knows ?
 It flamed up as the wild wind blows.
 From every lip rang forth the cry,
 And every heart beat quick reply,
 And every hand was raised and swore
 Union for aye and evermore !

Far o'er the hills and through the dales,
 Resistless as the storm-king sails,
 This rally leaped from ear to ear.
 It blew out prudence, cast out fear,
 Shredded apart with ne'er a strife
 The ordinary bonds of life,
 And stamped stern purpose on each soul
 To save the country, one and whole !

This brought us here — a thousand men
 With hearts on fire — but bare in ken
 Of warlike methods and of arms.
 Such as they came from shops and farms,
 From busy mart, from college halls,
 From life 'tween close-set office walls,
 They stood in line, undrilled, untrained.
 Though shrapnel burst and bullets rained
 Beyond the broad brook's verdant banks,
 Among the green corn's waving ranks,
 They fill the gap ! — Forward ! — Advance ! --
 They send their lead down in the dance
 Of Death, who sweeps with crimson hand
 O'er the blue hills of Maryland.
 And forward still ! Stern duty placed
 Their brave and untried ranks.—Square faced
 Against the picked men of the South,
 Against their batteries' belching mouth,
 Against the fire-lined gray stone wall —
 A living line to stand or fall —
 They met their fate, this martyr band,
 For Union and their Native Land !

And now we come when years have gone,
 When all the States are made as one,
 When what was welded in the fire
 Of contest, peace has drawn up nigher
 And stronger bound — we come intent
 To dedicate a monument.
 To whom? To those that fell? To all
 That hither came to live or fall!
 To all who in this holy strife
 Went forward with their sweet young life
 Prepared to give. And, let it show,
 Set high in noonday's golden glow
 Upon this verdant field of blood,
 That life is not the highest good,
 But higher, holier, sweeter far
 Are life's ideals. Like a star
 They point to sacrifice, whose fruit
 Lives on, though tongues are mute,
 The future of the land, the fate
 Of eras that upon us wait
 The race to come, and liberty
 Secure for all the times to be —
 They dwindle human lives to naught!
 'Tis to the cause to which we fought,
 The Country in its strength and might
 Enthroned in Justice, ruled by Right,
 A splendid chain of beauteous lands,
 The Union of the Continent —
 To THESE we set our monument!

Invocation.

REV. CHARLES DIXON.

O God, our Heavenly Father, creator of heaven and earth, we thank Thee for this nation, for our independence which was secured by the toils, sacrifices, sufferings, and blood of our revolutionary fathers. We thank Thee for its wonderful and unparalleled history, for its signal prosperity, in the past, so that it rose to a proud eminence amongst the nations of the earth. We thank Thee that when smitten by the mad hand of rebellion, the glorious old flag, the stars and stripes of our Union was fired upon by the men who had been protected beneath its folds, and shared in its benefits and blessings. We thank Thee that when the war was proclaimed, there was social and political virtue enough to save the nation. There were noble men whose hearts glowed and burned with patriotic fire. Who left friends and home and went to the field of carnage and death, followed by the prayers, the tears and benedictions of loving hearts. Men that were worthy of the noble cause of liberty for which they fought.

We thank Thee for this day's privileges of visiting the historic battlefield of Antietam, and dedicating four monuments to perpetuate the names and deeds of the heroes dead and living. We thank Thee for the striking and pleasant contrast between to-day and thirty-two years ago. We thank Thee that a remnant of the mighty host that were here then are permitted to meet once more together. We pray that if it be Thy will they may be spared for many years to come, that when they come to meet the last enemy, they may be able to send up the shout of triumph, "I have fought a good fight, finished my course, kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give unto me at that day. To God be all the glory." Amen.

List of Excursionists.

- Edwin Andrews, Deep River.
 P. W. Ambler and wife, Danbury.
 A. Allen, Thomaston.
 Charles Avery, Hartford.
 Clarence E. Atkins, Middletown.
 F. M. Alford, Avon.
 Horace M. Andrews, Hartford.
 William H. Allen, Avon.
 J. W. Anderson and wife, Springfield, Mass.
 H. M. Adams and wife, Canaan.
 Edward A. Atwater, wife and daughter, Cheshire.
 J. H. Bilson, South Manchester.
 H. C. Baldwin and wife, Beacon Falls.
 G. H. Blakeslee, Bristol.
 Henry Bristol, Westville.
 Major J. C. Broatch and wife, Middletown.
 J. D. Beecher, Bristol.
 J. N. Brown, New Hartford.
 Henry Bullard, Middletown.
 A. E. Bartram, Bridgeport.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Bevin, East Hampton.
 Robert W. Burke, Middletown.
 Oliver T. Bishop, Avon.
 C. F. Brown Springfield, Mass.
 Mrs. F. M. Barber, Glastonbury.
 John J. Brown, Riverhead.
 Geo. N. Brigham and wife, Rockville.
 Mrs. Emily W. Brown, Manchester Green.
 R. J. Barber and wife, Rockville.
 Mrs. A. T. Bradley, Hartford.
 Mrs. C. H. Beaton, New Britain.
 H. C. Baldwin, Beaver Falls.
 Henry E. Bradley, Hartford.
 George F. Buxton, Norwalk.
 C. H. Bradford, New Haven.
 Frank Bragg, Hartford.
 Harry G. Bragg, Hartford.
 James M. Bacon, Groton.
 O. W. Bradley, Meriden.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Brown, E. Hampton.
 Charles E. Baker, West Stafford.
 Edwin L. Barnum, Danbury.
 Joseph Bishop, New Haven.
 Miss M. Brennan, Montville.
 Joseph A. Close, Stamford.
 Col. F. W. Cheney and wife, South Manchester.
 John E. Case, Avon.
 J. C. Calvert, New London.
 Mrs. Lucy W. Clark, Middletown.
 W. A. Coley, South Norwalk.
 T. W. Charter and wife, E. Haddam.
 W. H. Clark and wife, New Haven.
 John S. Cheney, So. Manchester.
 Seth L. Cheney, So. Manchester.
 F. A. Cummings, Hartford.
 Alice T. Cummings, Hartford.
 Charles H. Case, Hartford.
 S. A. Cooper, Colebrook.
 C. H. Culver and wife, Ashwille.
 Gen. John B. Clapp, Hartford.
 Fred A. Crane, Bristol.
 George Crippen, Stonington.
 James Curley, Franklin, Mass.

- John B. Cone, Hartford.
 Abe Cope, Thompsonville.
 George S. Collins, Hartford.
 C. G. Cummings, Spring Hill.
 Harlon Draper, Mystic.
 L. Swift and wife, Mystic.
 H. B. Cook, Bristol.
 A. R. Crittendon, Middletown.
 E. J. Couch, Ridgefield.
 S. G. Clary and wife, New Britain.
 H. Cady and wife, Worcester, Mass.
 L. G. Clark, Hartford.
 Wm. Copp, Groton.
 C. L. Crane, Manchester.
 Miss Cora M. Crane, Manchester.
 Geo. A. Dennison and wife, Hartford.
 Miss M. J. Dart, Hartford.
 Seth Durfee, Rockville.
 Mrs. T. M. Durfee, Middletown.
 Mrs. Emily A. Dugan, Agawam, Mass.
 Wm. Dugan, Agawam, Mass.
 E. Dart, Rockville.
 L. A. Dickinson, Hartford.
 E. E. Dunbar, Derby.
 Miss Ella Dunbar, Derby.
 J. H. Emerson, Thompsonville.
 L. B. Evarts, New London.
 Mrs. M. J. Eastman, Hartford.
 James W. Eldredge, Hartford.
 Andrew Flood, East Hampton.
 Fred L. Flood, Stamford.
 A. H. Funk, Bristol.
 Chaplain P. V. Finch, Greenfield.
 Thomas W. Gardner, New London.
 Wm. W. Gowdy and wife, Springfield,
 Mass.
 O. M. Gilman, Burnside.
 S. H. Goodrich, East Hartford.
 C. H. Gaylord, Kent.
 Mrs. Ida C. Gadsby, Hartford.
 Mrs. L. J. Gilbert, New Britain.
 Captain H. B. Goddard, Baltimore, Md.
 C. Gray, New York, N. Y.
 G. S. Goodrich, Middlefield.
 Waterman Griggs, Chaplin.
 Ira L. Gardner and wife, Middletown.
 James Goodwill, Bristol.
 Frederick Gallup and wife, Groton.
 John Grinnill and daughter, Hartford.
 S. B. Horne, Winsted.
 Miss Belle Horne, Winsted.
 Charles H. Hills, Hartford.
 P. H. Heroy and W. W. Heroy, New
 York, N. Y.
 M. W. Hatch, New Haven.
 George Hotchkiss, New Hartford.
 Thomas J. Hubbard, Torrington.
 F. W. Hopper and wife, West Haven.
 Henry A. Hull, New Brunswick, N. J.
 H. C. Holmes, Middletown.
 M. T. Hollister, Noroton.
 W. Huntington, Hartford.
 A. Park Hammond and wife, Rockville.
 E. L. Heath and wife, Rockville.
 Norman L. Hope, Hartford.
 Miss Bessie M. Hope, Hartford.
 Mrs. A. C. Hills, Hartford.
 Miss Alice M. Hills, Hartford.
 Miss Mary G. Huntington, Hartford.
 J. C. Hills, Hartford.
 B. Hotchkiss, Cheshire.
 G. A. Huntington and wife, Mansfield
 Depot.
 John C. Ives, Meriden.

- John Inglis, Middletown.
 Miss Jennie Inglis, Middletown.
 Dr. L. Jewett and wife, Cobalt.
 Arthur Jewett, Cobalt.
 Horace K. Jones and wife, Hartford.
 W. B. Johnson, Seymour.
 Henry R. Jones, New Hartford.
 Howard K. James, New York, N. Y.
 William B. Jones, Portland, Me.
 Mrs. O. H. Jones, Hartford.
 Colonel J. W. Knowlton, Bridgeport.
 S. C. Kingman, Washington.
 O. P. Keith, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 George W. Keith, South Manchester.
 Wm. H. Loomis and wife, Rockville.
 O. J. Logan, Washington Depot.
 Wm. H. Lockwood and wife, Hartford.
 George E. Lover, Greenfield Hill.
 Patrick Lennox, Ridgefield.
 W. H. Lamphere, Mystic.
 J. S. Lane and wife, Meriden.
 Mrs. J. Leroy, New York, N. Y.
 J. W. Langdon, Hartford.
 Mrs. G. P. Lines, New Haven.
 G. C. Morris, Sag Harbor.
 Henry Merriman, Norwich.
 Dr. Nathan Mayer, Hartford.
 Stephen Mahlin, wife and daughter,
 Hartford.
 John McPherson, Rockville.
 Jeff. D. Miller, Hartford.
 John McCready, Thompsonville.
 Frank B. Maine, Springfield, Mass.
 Samuel J. Nettleton, Washington De-
 pot.
 Clarence B. Nettleton, Washington De-
 pot.
 S. T. Noble and wife, Rockville.
 W. H. Nelson, Waterbury.
 D. Ward Northrop, Middletown.
 F. B. Norton, Bristol.
 George E. Northrop, Southport.
 George Norton, New Haven.
 George P. North, Thomaston.
 B. B. Owen, East Hampton.
 E. H. Preston and wife, Rockville.
 D. W. C. Pond, Hartford.
 Julian Pomeroy, Springfield, Mass.
 Henry L. Porter.
 H. A. Peck, Bristol.
 F. C. Palmer and wife, Montville.
 B. A. Peck, Naugatuck.
 Miss N. Peck, Naugatuck.
 Charles A. Pelton, Middletown.
 H. N. Parker, Deep River.
 Henry A. Page.
 Mrs. Emily J. Prior.
 Capt. C. Quien and wife, Danbury.
 Miss Lena Quien, Danbury.
 T. B. Robinson, Bristol.
 S. W. Rubinson, Buffalo, N. Y.
 W. H. Robinson, Manchester Green.
 Palmer A. Richards, Chaplin.
 T. F. Rose, Ivoryton.
 Ralph R. Reed, South Windsor.
 Mrs. Fred Richards, Hartford.
 Jos. Stafford, Rockville.
 John H. Sullivan, Worcester, Mass.
 B. M. Sears, Spring Hill.
 T. C. Swan, Hartford.
 T. P. Strong, Durham.
 H. E. Savage, East Berlin.
 John Simpson, New Haven.
 Charles S. Spalding, Cheshire.

- Leonard Smith, Mansfield.
 J. A. Spencer, wife and daughter, Waterbury.
 James F. Simpson and wife, Waterbury.
 J. E. Starnard, Springfield, Mass.
 H. B. Smith, New London.
 D. A. Spear, Hartford.
 F. Adelaide Sackett, Hartford.
 Chas. Smith, So. Norwalk.
 G. A. Spencer, E. Windsor.
 Hubert Teare, Bethel.
 Dr. Chas. Tomlinson, Hartford.
 D. Wallace Tracey, Hartford.
 W. L. Thomas, New Haven.
 Charles L. Upham, Meriden.
 Rev. Henry Upson, New Preston.
 Harrison Woodford and wife, Avon.
 F. W. White, Hartford.
 George Q. Whitney and wife, Hartford.
 A. S. Warner, Wethersfield.
 Frederick K. Waldo, So. Manchester.
 E. H. Williams, Hartford.
 Wallace Williams, Providence, R. I.
 Jared Warner, Westville.
 J. B. Whalen, Hartford.
- A. A. Walker, Norwich.
 George R. Warner, Hartford.
 George R. Wilson, Thompsonville.
 Edward Ward, Falls Village.
 T. B. Williams, Meriden.
 John A. Waterman, Ivoryton.
 S. L. Williams, Ivoryton.
 T. T. Wilsdon, Bristol.
 Geo. S. Wilcox and wife, Yalesville.
 F. E. Weed, New Canaan.
 F. W. White, Hartford.
 John D. Worthington, Hartford.
 Rev. Walter J. Yates, New London.
 Hiram Buckingham.
 Eugene Hart, Hampton, Va.
 Charles Lyman, Washington, D. C.
 Henry P. Goddard, Baltimore, N. Y.
 George B. Rose.
 Robert H. Kellogg.
 Mrs. S. M. Spafford, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Spafford, Washington, D. C.
 F. B. Hawley, Bridgeport.
 Charles G. Blatchley and wife, Philadelphia, Pa.
 H. S. Stevens, Washington, D. C.

Mustered Out.

Some can never march again over the route with us. Every year will see some mustered out. Already, one prominently connected with the erection of the monuments, and present as a mem-



HARLOW CHAPIN.

ber of the General Committee of Arrangements at the dedication, has been "honorably discharged" from earth's warfare. It is specially fitting to mention the services and death of Harlow Chapin, Esq., of Monson, Mass., the efficient and beloved Secretary of the Eighth Regiment Association since its organization. By request we

give place to his portrait and a brief life sketch, as having interest to many others, as well as the members of his own organization.

Harlow Chapin was born in 1842 at Granby, Conn. He attended the public schools and academy. When the war broke out he was learning the carriage maker's business. At the firing on Sumpter, he, with nine others, formed a company of home guards. In August, 1861, he enlisted in Company C of the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, being unable before then to obtain consent of his parents. He followed the fortunes of the regiment on the Burnside expedition to North Carolina, with Pope in the Army of the Potomac, and on the march in pursuit of Lee in his raid into Maryland. At the battle of Antietam fifty-five men answered the roll-call one morning, but only nine responded the next morning. The rest were dead, wounded or prisoners. Sickiness, exposure brought to him a surgical operation and the hospital. Somewhat recovered, he received appointment as hospital steward, and served both at New Haven, Conn., and in the department of the South. He was mustered out in 1866.

He was the second commander of Marcus Keep Post, G. A. R.; seven years quarter-master and two years aide-de-camp to the department commandery. He was twenty-five years secretary of the regimental association, and was one of its representatives on the Monumental and Dedication Committee. A true Christian and brave soldier, he will be deeply missed.

His death resulted from a difficulty consequent on the surgical operation performed during the war, developed now by an attack of the grippe. He died Sunday, November 4.

Every member and friend of the old Fourteenth, ought to
have a copy of

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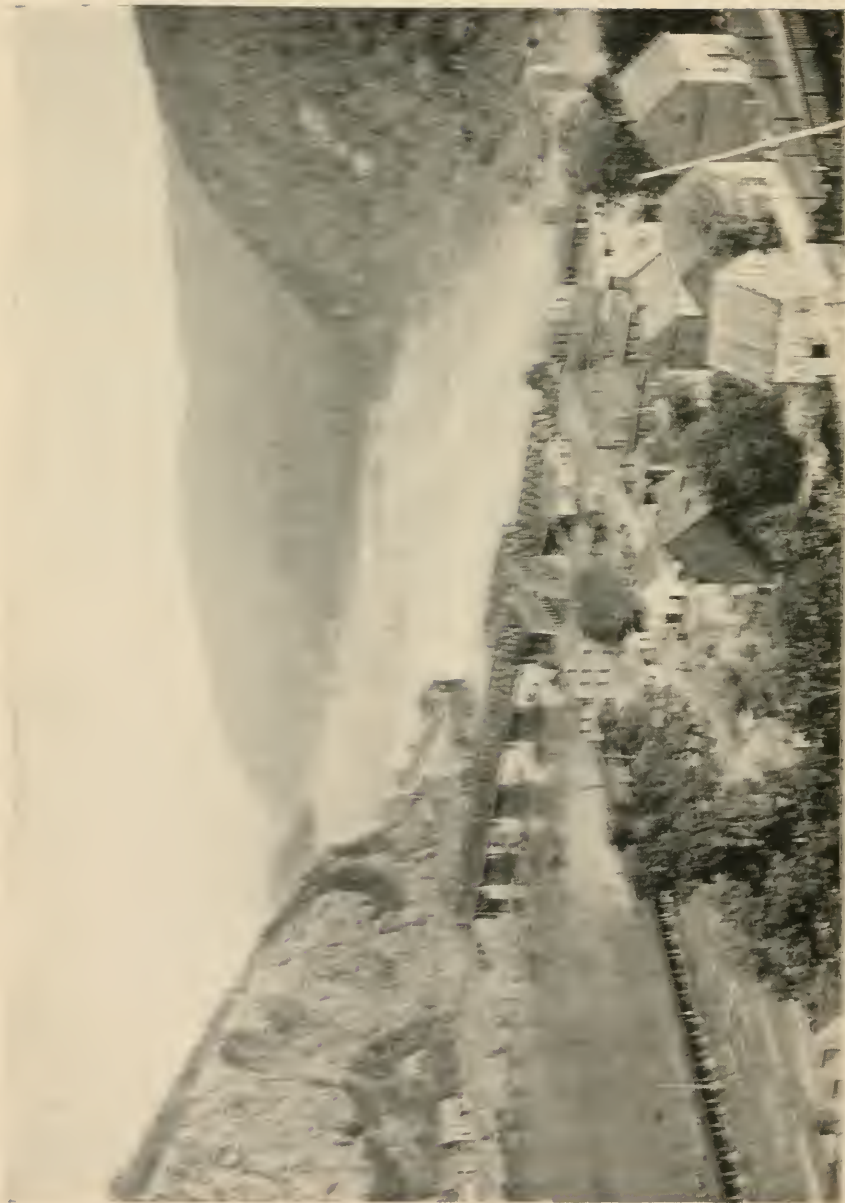
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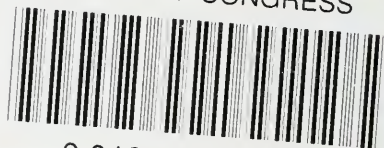
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